

Nowhere to Run When I'm in Trouble by AGenericUser

Series: 'My Dad is an Asshole' a Biography by Steve Harrington [3]

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Summary:

Hopper doesn't know why everyone seems so worried about Steve but since Joyce seemed so worked up he figured he should look into it. He doesn't want to believe there is something wrong but Steve is making it very hard not to.

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Author's Note:

The next installment of the "My Dad is an Asshole" series will be a chaptered story so it may take longer for it to come out.

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(Rated teen for swearing and child abuse.)

Title from the song "Your Love" by The Outfield.

Hopper leans against his police vehicle, staring into the throngs of kids pouring out from Hawkins High School. With a put upon sigh he lights the cigarette between his lips and takes a deep drag. Rubbing his eyes his mind leaps back to how he ended up at such a gross place as a high school.

"I'm worried about him, Hop!" Joyce says in an anxious voice, pacing back and forth furiously.

"Joyce, listen, it's hard for me to help if you don't have any proof behind your suspicions." Hopper says levelly.

"Steve came to my house one night and Jonathan said he had a concussion but he wouldn't tell him what from. Isn't that weird?"

Hopper lights a cigarette, taking a deep drag while rubbing his temples.

"Maybe he was just embarrassed about how he got it, he's just a prideful teenager Joyce."

"You're not listening to me, Hop!" She yells, stopping to pound on his desk.

The two sit there, staring at one another long enough to create a palpable tension in the air. Joyce sighs and takes a seat in the chair across from him. Her hand extends in a motion for his cigarette and he hands it over without complaint. Taking one deep drag, she stubs

it out then continues speaking.

“Dustin came up to me last night and told me he was really worried about Steve. That he noticed he had these injuries with no way he could've gotten them.”

“What do you want me to do?”

She looks at him with teary eyes, “Please, just talk to him, Hop.”

So here he stands, preparing himself for a conversation that he didn't even know how to have. How do you ask some kid if his parents hit him? Is there any way to put that lightly? Hopper decided on trying to be tactfully blunt, normally he would ditch the whole tactful act but he had a soft spot for kids.

There he is.

Steve is walking across the parking lot, Nancy a Jonathan beside him, though he doesn't seem to be participating in the conversation much. As soon as he feels like the kid is close enough he makes his move.

“Hey, Harrington!”

The three kids all look toward him, Steve with some mixture of anxiety and terror and the other two with confusion. He motions Steve over with a hand gesture and watches as the kid says a quick goodbye to his friends.

“Listen, sir, I don't know what you th-,” Steve says approaching.

“Shut up kid, you're not in trouble so just get in the damn car.” He interrupts.

Hopper crosses to the driver's side and steps in quickly turning the key into the ignition. Looking to his right he see Steve still standing by the door staring apprehensively. Groaning he rolls down the window.

“What the hell are you waiting for?” He drawls at the kid, snapping

him out of his stupor.

Quickly Steve gets into the vehicle, buckling his seat belt in record time. Hopper lights another cigarette, rolling down his window to let out the puffs of smoke. Shifting his car into drive, he makes his way down the road. He passes the police station about halfway through his drive.

“Uh, Sir, where are we going?” Steve asks, looking about nervously.

“You’ll figure out when we get there.”

“Oh Jesus,” Steve says sickly.

It’s not much longer before Hopper pulls into the parking lot of the small diner. The chief gets out of the car without a word, turning back he finds Steve still sitting there. Rolling his eyes he motions for the kid to follow. Slowly Steve gets out of the car and makes his way into the diner with Hopper. They walk over to a table and sit in a booth across from one another. The place’s decor is homely and retro, it’s not high class but it feels safe in some small way.

“What can I get for you two?” A waitress walks up and asks.

“Yeah, I’ll have your classic burger with fries and a Coke.” Hopper orders seamlessly.

“And for you, bud?”

“Oh I’m goo-” Steve begins to say.

“He’ll have the same,” The chief interrupts.

“I’ll have that out soon,” the waitress smiles kindly before taking her leave.

They sit in silence until the food arrives, Hopper reading the newspaper and Steve nervously bouncing his leg.

“Joyce Byers came to me, said she was worried about you.”

“Worried?” Steve cocks his head in confusion.

“Said that both Jonathan and Dustin talked to her about how they’ve seen you with some injuries.”

“Oh,” His stomach drops to his feet, heart pounding a hole in his chest.

“Listen kid, if someone is hurting you tell me and I will go against God himself to help you.”

“Look, chief, no one is hurting me okay?” Steve stutters quickly.

“How’d you get those injuries then?”

“It’s no secret that I’m too good at getting my ass kicked.”

“That’s what I said, but Joyce and everyone else seemed to believe that wasn’t the case.” Hopper says biting into his burger.

“There isn’t a problem chief.” Steve rasps out, eyes focus intently on the table, running a nervous hand through meticulously styled hair.

“I can help you kid but I need you to talk to me,” He says staring at Steve intently.

“I don’t need help, I swear,” the kid looks up finally, flashing him his signature charming smile.

They finish their meal in relative quiet and Hopper pays for both meal. Steve insists on paying but the chief shuts him down quickly. The drive back to the school is a little tense and much too awkward. As Hopper parks he watches the kid unbuckle and open the door.

“Thanks for the meal, sir.” The kid says softly.

“Hey kid!” Hopper calls out suddenly.

The kid whips around in surprise, staring at him.

“Just call me if you change your mind.”

Steve gives a small, genuine smile, “I will.”

Hopper lights up another cigarette and watches the kid walk away.

The chief is reluctant to admit it, but Joyce's suspicion seems to be right.